

The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweet bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.

Glo. These eies could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouershaide thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

of Richard

La. His better doth not bre

Glo. Go too, he liues that lo

La. Name him. *Glo.*

La. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selfe same name, b

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere. *Sh.*

Why doeſt thou spit at mee

La. Would it were mortall

Glo. Neuer came poyson fro

La. Neuer hung poyson on

Out of my sight, thou doeſt i

Glo. Thine eyes sweet Lady

La. Would they were Basili

Glo. I would they were, that I

For now thy kill mee with a li

Those eyes of thine, from mi

Shamed their aspect with sto

I neuer sued to friend nor ene

My tougue could neuer learn

But now thy beautie is propo

My proud heart sues, and pro

Teach not thy lips such sco

For kissing Lady, not for such

If thy reuengefull heart can

Loe here I lend thee this sha

Which if thou please to hide

And let the soule forth that a

I laie it naked to the deadly

And humbly beg the death

Nay, do not pawse, twas I th

But twas thy beautie that pr

Nay now dispatch, twas I th

But twas thy heauenly face

Take vp the sword againe, o

La. Arise dissembler, tho

I will not be the executione

Glo. Then bid me kill my

La. I haue already.